

comes to my land. Inch by inch, bit by bit you take it until you have it all and I have none. Now for the moral. In the Legislature one day a bill was brought that had no merit and the senators who were going to support it recognized that they might have to be lickspittles. And as the bill was discussed, they saw less and less bench for their character to occupy. They continued to be moved to the edge of the bench until they had nothing and the other side had everything. But since that which they obtained was not of any value to the one who originally possessed it, it, obviously, couldn't have any value to anybody else so thus everything that the other side got was really worthless. It was not the character of the Legislature that the other side wanted. It was what the Legislature could do that they wanted and they got it for a song. And the Legislature danced and continues to dance but not every member joins the dance. Sometimes in a symphony there may sound a discord but a discord is a discord based on the way you define music or harmony. Music is in the ear and the mind of the beholder, just as beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Sometimes we who are elected officials and wield tremendous, awesome power must be brought up short and made to look at what it is we are doing. And that's what I intend to do, use the forum that is available for public officials to share with you all my thoughts, my feelings, my attitudes. This is the nature of this system and I think it's appropriate. This is one of the most important bills that the Legislature will deal with this year. And it will set a tone not only for this year, but years to come in terms of this state's economy. Why will a state such as Nebraska take a policy that has already been discredited through failure at the national level and think it's going to work here? Because Nebraska is an echo of Washington D.C. Reagan's alter ego is the Governor who wears a skirt and speaks with a feminine voice that after watching her whip this Legislature down, I am going to put her with Mrs. Thatcher. And, Senator Pirsch, I'm sorry, I used to call you the "iron lady". No more. Maybe aluminum. The iron lady is sitting over there in the Governor's office and, by God, she knows how to handle these men. She does. They will be barreling down the track like an engine with no brakes and not just down the track, figuratively speaking, there is a decline and that train is coming down a hundred miles an hour and she walks onto that track. And she is not looking for a man to save her or a male anyway, not looking for a male, maybe a man but men are in short supply. So she waits until this juggernaut is about to run her over...the juggernaut is the Legislature, and she says, stop, just like Luther Van Dross's old song, or the Supremes. But they say, "Stop, in the name of